

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1862.

EDMUND DEACON, Editors and Proprietors.
HENRY PETERSON,

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 3127.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

USEFUL AND HANDSOME PREMIUM!

To every Two Dollar Subscriber, who pays in Advance for 1862, and to every Person who gets up a Club for 1862, will be given, or sent by mail postage prepaid by me, a Handsome Colored Map of the Slave-Holding States—four feet long by three feet broad!

"Every club subscriber who wishes a copy of this Map, can have it sent to him (postage prepaid) by returning Fifty Cents in addition to the club rate."

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	\$2.00
" " two years,	3.00
" " four "	5.00
Two copies, one year,	3.00
Four "	5.00
Eight "	10.00
Ten "	12.00
Twenty "	30.00

We send a copy gratis to every person who sends a club of Eight, Ten or Twenty subscribers. This is in addition to the Map Premium, which we send to the getter-up of every Club.

For \$3 we send Arthur's HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent a club, may add other names at any time during the year.

The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Payments may be made in notes of any amount blank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or three cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on New York or Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

GIVING AND KEEPING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I do not love you! take the truth to ponder!
Your presence does not quicken pulse or heart;

I do not smile to greet your daily coming,
Or sigh when comes the hour for us to part.

I do not kiss you when you are not with me,
I count no hours away from you as slow;

You have no power toadden or to cheer me,
To pale or flush my cheek with cold or glow.

I love no other! earth has no claim on me!

The grave has covered up my life and light;
I've laid my heart within a dead man's coffin,
It shudders there amid the gloom and night.

Say—say not time will bring me absolution;

Time's march is impotent to wound or heal.
My love is dead—it will know no resurrection!

Life is extinct when there's no power to feel!

And knowing all, if still you dare to ask me

To go through life a statue by your side,
Grant the boon. The hand you press is marble!

The lips you kiss Love crimsoned not, but

Pride!

Yes, bring the bridal veil and orange blossoms,
And bind the midnight shadows of my hair

With all their snowy fleeciness and fragrance;

And star my bosom with your diamonds fair;

But know once more my love is never yours—

Henceforth through life I live and breathe alone;

Clad in me by bands no bow can sever;

You wed a woman with a soul of stone!

THE WOMAN I LOVED,
AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

By the Author of "Agnes Tremorine."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

I returned to England. I wrote to my mother that I was miserable, that I had tried everything, but that I despaired of all but her love. A mother's love never fails. I had left her negligently. I had been two years absent, during which I had lived a life of utter self-indulgence, and now that the bitter harvest was being reaped by me. I wished to fly to her to save me from myself. I told her I wanted nothing but home and her. I do not know whether I deceived myself, I knew I deceived my mother entirely.

She believed that a season of repose and home affection would in truth heal the wounds of my soul; and that, afterwards, the good qualities for which she fondly gave me credit would be developed and exercised. The magnetic impulse which tured me to England, and I scarcely avowed to myself, it was totally unsuspected by her. Her heart, a little filled by my past conduct, sprang back to me with the idea that I needed her, and prepared out of the abundance of her affection a home in which I could renew the peace and freshness of my soul.

I arrived in London. Two days afterwards I met Warburton in the street. He recog-

PASSAGE OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, BY SIX DIVISIONS OF GEN. POPE'S ARMY, FROM NEW MADRID, TO ATTACK THE REBEL POSITION

AT ISLAND NO. 10, IN THE REAR, APRIL 7.

New Madrid will henceforth be famous in our history as the scene of one of the most remarkable exploits in military annals—the capture of 6,000 men, three Generals, and an immense store of arms and munitions of war on an adjacent island, which had been elaborately fortified! In our last we illustrated the remarkable engineering triumph of Col. Bissell. The army which crossed afterwards was divided into six divisions.

First Division—Gen. Stanley—1st Brigade, Col. Kellogg commanding; Forty-third Ohio regiment, Sixty-fifth Ohio regiment; 2d Bri-

gade, Col. Groesbeck commanding; Twenty-seventh Ohio regiment, Thirty-ninth Ohio

regiment.

Second Division—Gen. Hamilton—1st Bri-

gade, Col. Worthington commanding; Fifth Iowa, Tenth Iowa, 2d Brigade, Twenty-sixth Missouri.

Third Division—Gen. Palmer

Fourth Division—Gen. Paine—1st Brigade, Col. Cumming commanding; Twenty-second Illinois, Fifty-first Illinois, 2d Brigade, Fortieth Illinois, Sixteenth Illinois, Fifty-first Illinois.

Fifth Division—Gen. Plummer

Sixth Division—Gen. Gordon Granger—

And is composed of cavalry and artillery, the latter of which is commanded by Major Lthrop, U. S. A.

Gen. Franks, the Fourth Division, was the first to cross. The Terry led the way, then followed the Trio, the Emma, and the Gilmore. The star strewn flag fluttering from the fore, they pulled rapidly down stream, the crowd of troops standing in line along the bank making the air heavy with cheers. There was no firing. The commanding had

ceased for an hour or more. They could not tell whether resistance would be offered, but every man was ready. The landing was peacefully effected. Our men marched ashore and were ordered into line. The more curious part of the crowd who were not under orders, and the principal officers, surveyed the mutilated fort. The enemy's camp, a mile back, was also visited and ransacked. Only two companies of men had been stationed there, who had fled after the bombardment. "Break Leslie's Paper!"

For a time only. At first I was touched by her generosity, and made resolute to put aside the weakness of my soul, to bury the Past, to turn to the Future; but these resolves were as unstable as the weak and fickle nature that made them.

By way of bidding an eternal farewell to my weak love, I went to the Grange, a day or two after I arrived. I did not enter the house, but wandered among them, and heard

praises of the ladies collectively, but I had not the felicity of hearing any particular mention of my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking in

hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought of

my idol. In one of the cottages a child

was crying at the door as I entered. I

gathered her from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in.

The woman was delirious, and talking

beginnings entered. Marian sank rather than sit on a chair at my side. Warburton talked so loudly and glibly that nothing but his voice was heard. When I looked round my mother had left the room. Marian threw back her veil and there was a pain on her bright cheek. She asked me in most affectionately after my health. The extreme reticence of her manner which suggested so much, though it expressed so little, seemed to reveal to me. I was persuaded that in all wordsless tenderness to reconcile me to irreconcileable fate. I drank deeper and deeper of the poison. It was not happiness but there was a sadness in the misery I suffered that was as thrilling as happiness. From that day there lay a cloud between my mother's heart and mine, but the sharp blade cut into hers. She believed that I had acted a part—she attributed my coming to England to a predetermined plan, and she resented from him, a participant, even passively, in what seemed to her sin. As long as I appeared sober and candid with her—as long as I sufficed her to share my sorrow with me, she was infatigable; but when, instead of seeking to repress the false feeling which had ruined my life, I indulged it in a covert and dishonorable manner, she confessed to her self with infinite sorrow that she was defeated, and yielded up all hopes of my effectual recovery from the mortal disease which had enervated my character and prostrated my energies.

I cared for no remonstrances of hers. I was at Speynings, Marian was at the Grange.

Till my health was established she came a most daily to see me, but as soon as I was able to visit in my turn she desisted. My mother's coldness to her was invincible. I went continually to the Grange. We were always engaged in parties of pleasure which drew me more and more from home, and I stayed there for days.

Es que han en tout honneur. Warburton always invited me.

Marian was pleased and consented, but no time more—no husband could have been jealous. Contumacious art was shown by both. Her husband, though he knew my solicitude for his wife, and though he resolved never to allow it to manifest itself beyond a certain point, was not an absolute villain, affected to ignore it all together, and to attribute my constant visits to my pleasure in his society. She never varied in a certain gentle manner, though her eyes—those large tender, deep eyes, told a different tale. Warburton's praise of me rang through the neighborhood, and when any evil-disposed neighbor said: "How intimate that young Spencer is with the Warburtons," the answer always was: "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Warburton." True, there has always been a great intimacy between Speynings and the Grange. It is not surprising that a lively young fellow like Mr. Spencer should prefer the society of such a good fellow as Warburton to a gloomy place like Speynings, with that poor invalid, his mother.

My mother was now an almost confirmed invalid, but she struggled against her fast increasing malady, so she was anxious not to make any claim on me; she would not owe to my remonstrance or her physical suffering. Those attentions which my love did not voluntarily offer. It was difficult for a heart so high as hers to comprehend the sterility of mine. My being seemed chaptered off all feelings but one point. I was like a patient with a chronic disease. The strength, as well as weakness of my constitution fatidified my malady and drained the vital springs of my life. If affection is shown by act, I might be said to be devoid of it. I lived a life apart, and after a communion of such entire sympathy as seldom exists between a parent and child, I drew a line of demarcation between my mother and myself. Yet with an inconsistency peculiar to such, I expected precisely the same devotion from her. If I observed a shadow on her brow, and how much had it darkened in those few months; or a colder sweat on her veins, I felt as much aggrieved as if I was the wronged one. Her affection was to be pained, not without measure and stint, though I did not cease to regard it.

"Dance a waltz or two?" And all the voices which sounded to a man's ear in life, there is one voice always mournful and dominantly heard. When that voice is the voice of God, there is harmony in the music around; when the voice of self is the loudest, there is discord. There was discord enough with me at this time. I was intelligent enough to know how recklessly I was destroying myself, but I was so selfish by nature, habit, and education, that I could not resist taking advantage of the present enjoyment. If there be one thing which is more dangerous than another, it is the sophistry with which we persuade ourselves that because our own actions are not against the outward law of right we are safe. So long as I did not persecute Marian to leave her home and children for me, I thought I was guiltless. I imagined I did not betray Warburton's trust if I did not openly speak of love, though my whole being proved it. Marian and I had no explanation. How was it that I understood that her engagement with Warburton had been forced on her, soon after Mr. Villars' death, by the exigencies of her position? Mr. Villars had died deeply involved, and Mr. Warburton, a friend of his in life, had extricated the widow, as far as he could. Gratitude, esteem, the feeling of isolation, the fears of the future for her boy, had led her to accept his hand, and to consent to marry him as soon as her mourning was over. She came to live meanwhile in retirement at the Grange. When she knew me, her feelings for the first time rebuked against her engagement, but on the one hand she was bound, on the other she had no reason to believe my feelings were really interested in her, though she was conscious I admired her. She saw my mother's dislike to her, and too timid to take such a decided step as to break her engagement with Warburton, and too uncertain of my feelings to acknowledge her own to herself sufficiently to authorize her to that step, she let it go on. My sudden departure

had confirmed her suspicion that I had some other attachment. Now that our fates were irreconcileable, what was left but a mutual and enduring affection, tenderer than friendship, "sister than love"? I was to be her only friend, she would be mine. I might—she hoped I would—marry but she was to be my only friend. At different times, by veiled allusions, by broken expressions, this was revealed to me. I was persuaded that in all true love Marian was mine. She tolerated her husband, and for the sake of her children she remained in his house, but love for me was the secret of her life. She must do her duty. That duty was interpreted in this manner. She took all the flower of my life, my thoughts, my time, my anxious service, I was as much hers as the ring on her finger, and she gave me in return sweet, kind words, melting looks, and winning little attentions. What right had I to more? Had I not often sworn that to press her hand, to sit by her side, was more to me than to be the adored and adoring husband of another? As to Warburton, he was not completely satisfied with her docility and gentleness. She would be some doing old woman, who to satisfy some spiteful caprice prevented my engaging in some useful career. He had a way of speaking of her that in any other frame of mind would have enraged me, "an excellent person, but living so completely out of the world, that she was ignorant of the necessity imposed on me by position—her early circumstances, no doubt, had an influence in limiting her views, but her good sense would point out to her that tying a man of twenty-five to illness and her country retirement was not exactly doing her a duty."

All he said chimed in so well with my own rebellious thoughts, that his words sounded to me like the wisdom of Solomon.

I could not well go to Vienna for two months, but these two months seemed to me like infinite ages, and I searched for some excuse to shorten the time. It came. On this morning there came an invitation to the Warburtons from some friends of his in Scotland, with whom I also was acquainted. In the postscript was this sentence:

"If your friend, Mr. Spencer, is better, we should be delighted if he would accompany you. Do you think we could send him an invitation?"

This clinched my doubts. I should be absent for two months, and then I should go abroad.

The Warburtons accepted the invitation for all of us, and we resolved to go together.

Having made up my mind, I resolved to execute it. I was impatient to get it over, and to banish from my thought all but the raving idea that having so easily broken the tie with my home. A man who would have used a hundred horse power to divide a partition which fell away at a touch, would have felt as sold, to use a vulgarism.

We all went to London together, and then I made the final preparations for my journey. It was necessary, for appearance, to go down to Speynings. I did not wish the world to think I had quarreled with my mother.

"Never let there be a public rupture between relations," said Warburton; "it is not in good taste. You have asserted your independence" (when had it ever been infringed?) "basta," as Marian would say.

Such an excellent person as your mother deserves every attention which does not interfere with the exigencies of life."

The morning came; Marian seemed dispirited, and as if she grudged every moment I was obliged to pass away from her. Her eyes glistened with tears as I took leave. I could scarcely tear myself away, for in a few days I should have to leave her also. When last, I dragged myself away, I promised faithfully to be back that evening. My first intention had been to sleep at Speynings. It would be a disappointment to the two at home, but I resolved, at any price, to secure a few hours more with her. I should only pass two hours at Speynings.

I arrived in a mood, constrained temper. It seemed that there was latent reproach, or covert accusation in all that was said. My mother's pale and changed face was a reproach to itself. It was cold, the snow had fallen thick, and the noise of the spades clearing it away sounded ominous. I requested they should not do so, and ordered the carriage to wait for me at the lodge, where I said I would meet it. The conversation was dull and inharmonious, in spite of Fanny's good natured attempts to enliven it. When I had an notion my intention of returning by the next train, she had made an exclamation, but a glance at my mother silenced her. She (my mother) said nothing, but a few minutes afterwards left the room.

During her absence Fanny told me the news of the place, how the Comptons had returned to the Grange, &c., &c. My mother returned, looking paler still, but otherwise calm and composed. Each moment dropped like lead on my heart, till I feared at last I should not have strength to go. Suddenly I made an effort, and stood up.

"God bless you, dear Fan!" I said. I could be cordial to her on this last day, for I had done her no wrong.

"Good-bye," I said to my mother, and I took her hand. "I will write as soon as I get to Vienna, and be sure to write and tell me if I can do anything for you there."

"God bless you, Hubert." Be happy, and keep well."

Her voice was hollow and strange, and the hand I held was cold as ice.

I shall often think of the new greenhouses, Fanny, and of the wonderful flower prizewinner you will get with such an elaborate apparatus. Good-bye!" I again shook hands with her, and was gone.

I drew a long breath, as after running down the avenue I jumped into the carriage, which was to take me to the express train. I had escaped, bruised and galled it is true, but I was free. My thoughts swing round at once to Marian.

At five and twenty I was about to commence the true business of life. As Warburton would have said, a man must act and live with men. Women are a pastime which may fill up the interstices of life; but when one has left off wearing white pinafores, cut one's teeth, and had the measles, there is nothing in which a woman is really necessary to us. A wife or mistress *c'est autre chose*, but mothers and sisters are best at a little distance.

I never saw her so angry. I was proportionately so. I set my teeth, and vowed with an inward oath to free myself immediately from these discussions and admonitions.

My mother's patience was at last worn out. She looked more grave and unhappy than I had ever seen her. Fanny, who had returned home, was miserable at seeing how ill my mother looked, and soon had scarcely patience to speak to me. All this I construed into wrong done to me, and considered the inevitable consequences of my own cruel unkindness, wanton acts of offence towards me. I was to strike, but no blood was to flow, I was to grieve, but tears were an unpardonable injury.

One morning, a few days afterwards, I announced my intention of spending the day at the Grange, and added, carelessly, that I

should sleep there. My mother was silent, but her eyes met mine, and their glance of irreconcileable, what was left but a mutual and enduring affection, tenderer than friendship, "sister than love"? I was to be her only friend, she would be mine. I might—she hoped I would—marry but she was to be my only friend.

When I arrived at the Grange, Marian saw there was a cloud on my brow. She was sweetest herself. She asked no questions, but applied herself to soothe my troubled spirit. Being with her was of itself an enchantment and soon soothed away my vexation. She was glad that my ties to Speynings were weakening every moment, for I told her I had determined to leave. To a woman of her stamp the possession of a life to administer to her, to cherish and adore her, was a great gift. She forgot, as we all do, that selfishness indulged at the expense of the claims of others upon her reveals sooner or later finds its level, and I did not retain my friends; but I was in the bloom and spring of life, my face was turned to the ascent of the Mountains of Delight. What had I to do with memories of that fair face hidden under the sands which are washed by the Adriatic Lagoon? Why should I torture myself with thinking how irreparably I had grieved and wounded the heart which now lay at rest under the chance of our old church? But it is the worst of characters like mine, to see the right and pursue the wrong. My intelligence pointed out to me where my errors injured me, but my will, long perverted by self-indulgence, had not power to alter. I suppose, therefore, I was beginning to discover that some of the glory of my love was dimmed. I still adored Marian; but constant intercourse had robbed my love of some of its fairy enchantments. Reaction had followed the excitement in which I had latterly lived. Besides, I had attained, as far as I could, the object of my desires.

I obeyed her.

The next day passed in a gloomy evanescence. Though little able to do so, my mother had risen and went about as usual; she was so fearful that I should think she wished to make her illness a plea for delaying my departure.

I escaped to the Grange; it was the hunting season, and Warburton hunted. Marian needed my society to while away her lonely mornings, and we were left almost entirely alone. A few days afterwards I sent for my servant and belongings, and we left for Scotland. I wrote a few lines to my mother, telling her I was going, but without giving any further reason for not seeing her again.

I spent two months in Scotland. I was less happy than I expected. There was a sense of self-reproach which left an ache in my heart. There was, besides, a strange feeling of surprise at having so easily broken the tie with my home. A man who would have used a hundred horse power to divide a partition which fell away at a touch, would have felt as sold, to use a vulgarism.

We all went to London together, and then I made the final preparations for my journey. It was necessary, for appearance, to go down to Speynings. I did not wish the world to think I had quarreled with my mother.

"Never let there be a public rupture between relations," said Warburton; "it is not in good taste. You have asserted your independence" (when had it ever been infringed?) "basta," as Marian would say.

Such an excellent person as your mother deserves every attention which does not interfere with the exigencies of life."

The morning came; Marian seemed dispirited, and as if she grudged every moment I was obliged to pass away from her. Her eyes glistened with tears as I took leave. I could scarcely tear myself away, for in a few days I should have to leave her also. When last, I dragged myself away, I promised faithfully to be back that evening. My first intention had been to sleep at Speynings. It would be a disappointment to the two at home, but I resolved, at any price, to secure a few hours more with her. I should only pass two hours at Speynings.

I arrived in a mood, constrained temper. It seemed that there was latent reproach, or covert accusation in all that was said. My mother's pale and changed face was a reproach to itself. It was cold, the snow had fallen thick, and the noise of the spades clearing it away sounded ominous. I requested they should not do so, and ordered the carriage to wait for me at the lodge, where I said I would meet it. The conversation was dull and inharmonious, in spite of Fanny's good natured attempts to enliven it. When I had an notion my intention of returning by the next train, she had made an exclamation, but a glance at my mother silenced her. She (my mother) said nothing, but a few minutes afterwards left the room.

During her absence Fanny told me the news of the place, how the Comptons had returned to the Grange, &c., &c. My mother returned, looking paler still, but otherwise calm and composed. Each moment dropped like lead on my heart, till I feared at last I should not have strength to go. Suddenly I made an effort, and stood up.

"God bless you, dear Fan!" I said. I could be cordial to her on this last day, for I had done her no wrong.

"Good-bye," I said to my mother, and I took her hand. "I will write as soon as I get to Vienna, and be sure to write and tell me if I can do anything for you there."

"God bless you, Hubert." Be happy, and keep well."

Her voice was hollow and strange, and the hand I held was cold as ice.

I shall often think of the new greenhouses, Fanny, and of the wonderful flower prizewinner you will get with such an elaborate apparatus. Good-bye!" I again shook hands with her, and was gone.

I drew a long breath, as after running down the avenue I jumped into the carriage, which was to take me to the express train. I had escaped, bruised and galled it is true, but I was free. My thoughts swing round at once to Marian.

At five and twenty I was about to commence the true business of life. As Warburton would have said, a man must act and live with men. Women are a pastime which may fill up the interstices of life; but when one has left off wearing white pinafores, cut one's teeth, and had the measles, there is nothing in which a woman is really necessary to us. A wife or mistress *c'est autre chose*, but mothers and sisters are best at a little distance.

The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother.

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed. "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for her, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood; or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is," I said, "there is one quality which every woman possesses, and that is jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed. "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for her, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood; or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed. "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for her, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood; or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed. "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for her, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood; or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed. "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for her, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood; or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed. "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for her, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood; or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, MAY 3, 1862.

3.

gins exert an influence favorable to peace, and not to war. Forts and floating batteries doubtless can be built, and armed with such immense ordnance, as utterly to defy any vessel that can sail the ocean very far to attack them. Thus the power of defence will prevail over that of offence, so far as naval warfare is concerned. It will be, for instance, madness for Europe to think of attacking the ports of America, or America those of Europe. The two continents will have to do the most of their fighting at home, and that will be a blessing to both parties.

A SINGULAR PROPHETIC.

The following circumstance, says *The Richmond Whig*, recently occurred at Pensacola, and its truth is vouched for by a trustworthy officer of the army—

A soldier in the Confederate service fell into a long and profound sleep, from which his comrades vainly essayed to arouse him. At last he awoke up himself. He then stated that he should die the next afternoon at 4 o'clock, for it was so revealed to him in his dream. He said in the last week of the month of April would be fought the greatest and bloodiest battle of modern times, and that early in May peace would break upon the land more suddenly and unexpectedly than the war had done in the beginning. The first act of the prophetic dream has been realized, for the soldier died the next day at 4 o'clock. "The War is over in April and May?" the believers in dreams wait and see.

Peace might result as the consequence of a great rebel defeat in Virginia, and the death or capture of Jeff. Davis and the principal leaders—but it could not result from the defeat of McClellan or Halleck. Therefore we argue from this rebel prediction that the Confederates are about to receive the greatest blow of the war—a blow which we hope will restore them to their proper senses again.

A FISH IN COURT.

Dr. Lethaby, an analytical chemist, and health officer of the city of London, having advanced the theory, during a recent trial, that fish could not live in water tainted with gas, the chemical witnesses for the other side gave the doctor a flat contradiction, by proving, from under a bench, a live fish, swimming in a mixture of half an ounce of the gas tank water with 25 ounces of pure water. They had expected the doctor to take that ground, and were determined to be ready for him. All laughed, including Lethaby, who "sighed on the other side of his face." Scientific gentlemen should not be too positive.

THE POLITICAL SENTIMENTS OF OUR GENERALS.

The Cincinnati Commercial, in a recent article, says—

"The great mass of Northern Democrats came heartily up to the support of the government, when, in spite of its conciliatory policy, it was forced into the war for the preservation of the Union, and the President has not failed to recognize their patriotism and their important services in our legislatures and on the battle-fields. The Democrats are now represented at the Cabinet, the most important position of Secretary of War—being filled by the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, a life long Democrat. The majority of the great military departments are commanded by men who have been of the Democratic party, and have no sympathy with anti-slavery politicians. General Fremont and Banks are the only well known Republicans who command departments. Generals Pope and Hunter are believed to sympathize with the Republican view of our policies, but they have never been partisans, and we are not certain that even their political tendencies are not misreported. Generals McClellan, Halleck and Buch are Democrats. Generals Dix and Butler are well known Democratic politicians. We have never heard General Grant's politics mentioned, but he has certainly never shown a sympathy of anti-slavery. Gen. Smith is a Democrat, and rather pro-slavery than otherwise. Gen. Mc Clelland, of Illinois, and Gen. Wallace, of Indiana, made Major-Generals for good conduct at Fort Donelson are Democratic politicians of note. The commanders of divisions in Gen. Buell's army, and Crittenden, have all been opposed to the Republican party. The commanders of divisions in Gen. Grant's army, with a single exception, have been against the Republicans in politics. Gen. Curtis is a Republican. Gen. Rosecrans is a Democrat. Gen. Shields is a Democrat. We have never heard anything about the political opinions of Gen. Burnside. We are not sufficiently familiar with the history of the commanders of the divisions and corps in the armies of the Potomac to classify them politically. The President, as is evident from this record, has not attempted in any military appointments to favor his political friends. Indeed, it might be pretty seriously argued that his partiality, if there is any, has been the other way. When the war commenced there was but one Democratic governor in the northern states, and he, Sprague, of R. I., has won immortal honor by his zeal, courage and ability in the cause of sustaining the government."

CRITICAL REBEL SITUATION IN TENNESSEE AND NORTH ALABAMA.

The Atlanta Georgia Confederacy has in formation which represents affairs in Tennessee and North Alabama in a very critical situation. It says— "We are informed, and believe the information to be correct, that the enemy's cavalry have advanced southward from Huntsville, have crossed the Tennessee river at the extreme southwest point of that stream in Alabama, and are now at Gunters Landing. This is within forty or fifty miles of Gadsden, on the Coosa river, which distance they can travel in one day, and *out of the passage of one more steamer* up to Rome, Nay, they might seize a few boats, and pass the river to Rome, and take the city, *burn down our fortifications which are rapidly forming* out camps and small arms, and do whatever they pleased. Gunters Landing, by a direct route through De Kalb and Cherokee counties, Ala., along a fine road for travel, is only 50 miles from Rome. The enemy's cavalry could pass through this country in two days, and burn down our foundries at Rome—their engines and tools to proceed up the road with an armed force to protect them in burning the bridges, and be exposed to none of the difficulties that the engine stealers met with a few days ago, or they could approach and burn the bridges from Rome through the country. With these bridges burned, Kirby Smith, who is understood to be advancing on Huntsville, would be cut off from reinforcements or retreat. East Tennessee, and upriver to Knoxville, Greenville, and Cumberland Gap, with all Western Virginia, would be exposed in the same manner we pointed out in commenting on the consequences had the engine thieves been successful."

As the archdeacon stood up to make his speech, erect in the middle of that little square, he looked like an ecclesiastical statue placed there, as a fitting impersonation of the comic and ill-natured sarcasm of the author.

A Lacedemonian was fated for saying

in three words what might have been uttered in two.

The New Iron-Clad Gunboat Galena.

church militant here on earth; his shovelf hat, large, new, and well pronounced, a churchman's hat in every inch, declared the profusion as plainly as does the Quaker's broad brim; his heavy eyebrows, large open eyes, an full mouth and chin expressed the severity of his orders; the broad chest, simply covered with fine cloth told him well to do was his estate; one hand encircled within his pocket evinced the practical hold which our mother church keeps on her temporal possessions, and the other loose for action, was ready to fight if need be in her defence; and below these the drowsy breeches, and neat black gaiters, showing so admirably that the turned leg, betokened the decency, the outward beauty and grace of our church establishment."

"That a vessel could be built, two hundred feet in length, thirty six feet breadth of beam, and one thousand tons burthen—the size and description of a war vessel of the ordinary construction, which would require a depth of water of twelve feet, and yet that the boat should be strong enough to sustain a shot proof covering have a draft of water of but ten to twelve feet, and contain engines and machinery which would give her a speed of twelve knots an hour in short, that she should be entirely seaworthy, and perfectly adapted to the purposes of cruising, as the "wooden wall" in common use, and, in addition, be impetrable."

"To accomplish these objects, a hull of peculiar model, designed to effect a greater displacement of water than is ordinarily secured, was built, and upon it four hundred tons of armor were placed, with entirely successful results. Experiments have been made with the machinery, which justify the expectation that the speed of the vessel will be equal to what was originally anticipated—twelve miles per hour."

"At a little distance, the appearance of the Galena is smooth and regular, her curved lines and rounded form diminishing her apparent size. A close inspection reveals the joints of the longitudinal plates with which she is covered, but not a bolt-head is visible. This is one of the peculiarities of her mail, which is of a new design. By means of flanges and tongues, the heads of the bolts are entirely covered, and thus a source of weakness in the iron plating generally in use is obviated."

"The ports are covered with heavy armor, are divided horizontally, open in the middle, and are moved by levers which may be worked with great rapidity. In the middle of the port covers, holes are constructed of sufficient size to allow the muzzle of a gun to protrude, but these holes have covers carefully fitted, and deemed to be quite as impenetrable as the mailed sides of the vessel, which have, in addition to the armor, an average thickness of fourteen inches of solid oak."

"On the upper deck, a pilot house, of a nearly round form, has been constructed. It has several look outs, or narrow openings, and its walls are composed of pine plates, the outer plate an inch in thickness, and the others half an inch."

"The hatchways and skylights, of which there are several on the upper deck, are secured with heavy iron grating, four inches in depth."

"The smoke pipe—the most exposed portion of the whole—is so constructed, that a shot through it, or even its entire demolition, would not only not disable the steamer, but would not materially affect her speed. An iron grating has been built through it, and bands around it at the base, which will prevent any injury to the boiler in case of accident to the smoke stack. The top of the pilot house is covered with grating, which permits the free circulation of air, and abundantly protects it."

"The fighting deck, which is fully enclosed, and apparently very low, the sloping sides of the vessel almost lying upon it, is really quite roomy, and there is abundant space for the working of heavy guns."

This description will show that this vessel has been built upon no known model, and that she was intended to be remarkable for speed, shallow draft and capacity, while perfectly seaworthy. Her armor is like nothing else about, and is purely a Yankee invention. The plans have been changed by the Navy Department since she was commenced, by increasing the thickness of her plates and covering her entire hull above water with them, instead of only a part. Her size and tonnage indicate that she is intended for heavy work anywhere and everywhere.

Thus of all the armor clad rams and monitors built in America by us or by the rebels, not one has any counterpart in Europe, all being built on original plans. The Kearsarge, now building at Philadelphia, will differ from the rest and also from the European plans, in having her armor of hammered iron and her side above water at deflecting angles so as to cause the shot to glance from her. The ingenuity of our countrymen has never been more brilliantly displayed than in the construction of armor clad vessels, a department, too, in which it had been supposed that the efforts of the English and French were as great as not to afford much room for our inventive powers.

The Beauregard Dispatch. The following is an exact copy of the despatch from Beauregard discovered by General Mitchell, and which required himself and aids only about twenty minutes to decipher.

Confederate April 30th. To General Samuel Cooper, Richmond, Va. All the present probabilities are that whenever the enemy moves on this position, he will do so with an overwhelming force of not less than twenty thousand men.

By 3000 men, he can do more than half of them, and more than half of them will be children under ten years.

This mortality is terrible, and certainly demands from the medical faculty an investigation into the causes. The simple fact carries with it a force that no reasoning could hope to attain.

MORTALITY BY WARDS.

The following is a matrimonial tabular statement—

HEALTH STATISTICS OF PHILADELPHIA.

We are in possession of many curious facts relative to the mortality of Philadelphia in 1861. The task of compiling the items has occupied several months, and the data contained in a report on Meteorology and Epidemics read before the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, by Wilson Jewell, M. D.

THE BIRTHS.

The births in Philadelphia in 1861, according to the returns, were 17,271. The deaths were 11,463. The excess of births over deaths was therefore 15 percent. The births average 4.74 per diem, being one almost every half hour. Of the whole number 2,008 were males, their being 109,710 males to every 100 females.

THE FLEET PASSES PORT JACKSON.

GREAT CONSTERNATION.

All the Steamboats and Cotton Destroyed.

Important from Yorktown.

LATER FROM GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.

The Evacuation of Corinth Confirmed.

Beauregard Going to Defend Memphis.

DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. SMITH.

FROM GEN. BANKS' ARMY, &c.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 27.—To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War—A fugitive black, just arrived from Portsmouth, brings the Petersburg Express of yesterday, which contains the following dispatch:

"Montgomery, April 25.—The enemy passed Fort Jackson at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. When the news reached New Orleans the excitement was boundless. Martial law was put in full force, and business was completely suspended. All the cotton and steamboats, excepting such as were necessary to transport coin, ammunition, &c., were destroyed."

The births average one for every thirty three persons. The greatest number was in March, the least in May. The Nineteenth Ward, having the largest population, had the most children. Six hundred and thirty were still born.

The following is the percentage of births and deaths by wards.

Wards.	Percentage Births.	Percentage Deaths.
1	6.1	6.1
2	4.56	5.94
3	3.13	2.47
4	3.91	4.59
5	2.90	3.38
6	2.43	1.98
7	4.46	5.07
8	2.40	2.96
9	2.72	2.47
10	3.10	2.92
11	3.39	3.11
12	2.00	2.51
13	3.03	2.74
14	4.35	2.94
15	6.18	5.31
16	3.84	3.65
17	5.51	5.72
18	3.46	4.12
19	7.11	7.50
20	6.05	5.59
21	2.99	2.29
22	3.05	3.71
23	3.68	3.00
24	4.88	5.08

The following is a matrimonial tabular statement—

BRIDES' AGES.

Under 20 years	95
----------------	----

A GREAT MAN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither peace nor profit
Content to know, and be unknown,
Whole to himself.

Strong is that man, by only strong,
To whose will ordered will belong;
For service and delight,
All power that, in despite of wrong,
Establish right.

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By Fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where or
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss,
Great Nature hath him in her care,
Her cause is his.

Time cannot take him by surprise,
Fate cannot crush him, he shall rise,
Strong from his overthrow,
Whom a Heavenly Friend supplies
Against Heaven's foes.

The merely great are all in all,
No more than what the merely small
Esteem them. Man's opinion
Neither confers nor can recall
Should man's dominion

Lord of a lofty life is he,
Lifely living, the life
Of lowly birth, the poor,
He lacks not wealth, nor high degree
In state obscure.

The sudden cold did not break him,
The burthen'd by his mortal lot
To strive with mortal sin,
And soul away with tears the spot
That sinks not in.

Yet not with downcast eyes, nor low
Bent on himself, nor cast so low
Head to his own heart's coil,
But what he sees, and hears, and knows,
And doth very well.

For thus he lives and from keen
The world's unwise'd deniers,
The love without his stain,
Almond, and with the beauty of men
His own center.

The Judge upon the dusty road,
The brown jackal vagrant in the street,
The quiesce in the sun,
The respects rearing in the shade,
The wan cheeked one.

Be nothing human when seems
Unhumble, nor deserts me
Many moment claim upon him
At pleasure in morn the most sunbeams
Drop blessings on him.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

Author of "THE EAST'S DAUGHTERS,"

"THE MYSTERY," "EAST

TANSE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

Daffodil's Delight and its environs were in a state of bustle and public excitement, as was to be such. Daffodil's Delight never failed to seize hold upon any possible event, whether of a general public nature or of a private social nature, as an excuse for getting up a little steam. On that cold winter's day two funerals were appointed to take place: the one that of Mrs. Hunter, the other of little William Darby, and Daffodil's Delight, in spite of the blizzard, turned out in crowds to see.

You could not have passed into the square when the large funeral came forth, so many had collected there. It was a funeral of motes, and pinches, and lace, and carriages, and show; the master Mr. Hunter had grown in pecuniary embarrassment, the more real one was he to guard his suspicion of it from the public. He followed as chief mourner, and in the wake of him among many other mourners were his son Harry Darby, and Austin Cox.

That took place in the morning. In the afternoon the coffin of the boy, covered by something black—but it looked more like old cloth than velvet—was brought out of the house upon men's shoulders. Part of the family followed, and pretty nearly the whole of Daffodil's Delight brought up the rear.

When the children things were at sorrow an end with the Darbys, that sultry kind gossip suggested, and propagated the suggestion for a fact, that the parish would have the honor of conducting the interment. Darby would have said nay first. He went to Mr. Hunter's yard in the morning subsequent to the death, the instant the gates were opened, and presented himself to the foreman as a candidate for work. That finding would not treat with him.

"We have had so many of your hands just coming on for a day or two, and then withdrawing again, through orders of the society, or through getting frightened at being threatened, that Mr. Cox said I was to take back no more sulky shadys."

"Try me!" feverishly cried Darby. "I will not go from it again."

"No," said the foreman. "You can speak to Mr. Cox."

"Darby" said Austin, when the man appeared before him, "will you pass your word to me to remain?" Here men come, they sign the document, they have work assigned them; and in a day or so, I hear that they have left again. It causes no end of confusion to us, for work to be taken up and laid down in that way."

"Take me on, and try me, sir! I'll stick

to it as long as there's a stroke of work to do—unless they tread me to pieces as they did Baxendale. I never was cordial for the society, sir. I obeyed it, and yet a doubt was always upon me whether I might not be doing wrong. I am sure of it now. The society has worked harm to me and mine, and I will never belong to it again."

"Others have said as much, and have turned to it the next day," remarked Mr. Clay.

"Perhaps so, sir. They hadn't seen one of their children die that they'd have laid down their own lives to save—but that they had not worked to save. Take me on, sir!" He can't be buried till I have earned the whare withal to pay for it. I'll stand to my work from henceforth—over hours, if I can get it."

Austin wrote a word on a card, and desired Darby to carry it to the foreman.

"You can go to work at once," he said.

"I'll take work too, sir, if I can get it," exclaimed another man, who had come up in time to hear Austin's last words.

"What is it you, Abel White?" exclaimed Austin, with a half laugh. "I thought you made a boast that if the whole lot of hands came back to work you never would, except upon your own terms."

"So I did, sir. But when I find I have been in the wrong I am not above owning it," was the man's reply, who looked in a far better physical condition than the pinched, half-starved Darby. "I could hold out longer, sir, without much inconvenience, leastways, with a deal less inconvenience than some of 'em could, for I and *lather* belong to one or two provident clubs, and they have helped us weekly, and my wife and daughters don't do amiss at their umbrella work. But I have come over to father's views at last, and I have made my mind up, as he did, never, please God, to be a Union man again—unless the masters should turn round and make themselves into a body of tyrants. I don't know what I might do then. But there ain't much danger of that, as father says, in these god-damn days. You'll give me work, sir?"

"I hope conditions," replied Austin, as he proceeded to talk to him.

But we have been leaving Willy Darby's funeral. There it is moving slowly down Daffodil's Delight. Not over slowly either; for there had been a delay in some of the arrangements, and the clergyman must have been waiting for half an hour. It was a week since Darby resumed work, a long while to keep the child, but the season was winter. Darby had paid part of the expense, and been trusted for the rest.

It arrived at the burial place, and the little body was buried there to remain until the resurrection at the last day. As Darby stood over the grave, the regret for his child was nearly lost sight of in the far more bitter regret and remorse for having kept the dead starving for months, when work was to be had for the taking.

"Don't take on so," whispered a neighbor, who knew his thoughts. "If you had gone back to work as soon as the yards were open, you'd only have been set upon and half killed, like Baxendale."

"Then it would not, in that case, have been my fault if he had starved," returned Darby, with compressed lips.

The shades of evening were on Daffodil's Delight when the attendants of the funeral returned, and Mr. Cox, the pawnbroker, was busily transacting the business which the dusk hour always brought him. Even Daffodil's Delight, though they were common sufferers, and all, or nearly all, required to pay visits to Mr. Cox, imitated their betters in observing that peculiar reticence of manner which custom has thrown around these delicate negotiations.

The character of their offerings had changed. In the first instance they had chiefly consisted of ornaments, whether of the house or person, or of superfluous articles of attire and of furniture. Then had come necessaries—bedding, and heavier things, and then trifles, iron, caskets, frying pans, gowns, coats, tools, anything.

Anything by which a shilling could be obtained. And now had arrived the climax when there was nothing more to take, and that at least, that Mr. Cox would speculate upon.

There went banging into the shop Mrs. Dunn. Perhaps one of the most miserable households in Daffodil's Delight was hers, taken it all in all, but it had not subdued the manner or the temper of Mrs. Dunn, they were fiercer than ever. The non realization of her fond hope of good cheer, and silk dresses was looked upon as a private injury and resented as such. See her as she turns into the shop, her head a mass of torn black cap and entangled hair, her gown, a black stuff once, dirty now, hanging in jags, and clinging around her with that peculiar clinging which indicates that few, if any, petticoats are underneath, and her feet scuffing along in shoes tied round the instep with white rag, to keep them on. As she was entering, she encountered a poor woman named Jones, the wife of a carpenter, as badly reduced as she was. Mrs. Jones held out a small blanket for her inspection, and spoke with the tears running down her cheeks.

"We have kept it till the last. We said we could not lie on the sack of straw this awful weather, without it to cover us. But to-day we haven't got a crumb in the house, or a ember in the grate, and Jones said, says he. There isn't no help for it, you must pledge it."

"And Cox won't take it in?" responded Mrs. Dunn, in a ranting tone.

The woman shook her head, and the tears fell fast on her thin cotton shawl, as she walked away. "He says the moths has got into it."

"A pity but the moths had got into him. His eyes is sharper than they need be," shrieked Mrs. Dunn. "Here Cox," dashing up to the counter, and flinging on it a pair of boots, "I want three shillings on them."

Mr. Cox took up the offered pledge. A thin pair of woman's boots, black cloth, with leather tips; new, they had probably cost five

shillings, but they were now considerably the worse for wear.

"What is the use of bringing these old things?" remonstrated Mr. Cox. "They are worth nothing."

"Everything's worth nothing, according to you," retorted Mrs. Dunn. "Come! I want three shillings on them."

"I wouldn't lend you eighteen-pence They'd fetch it at a auction."

Mrs. Dunn would have very much liked to fling the shillings in his face, but after some dispute, she condescended to ask what he would give.

"I'll lend a shilling, as you are a customer, to oblige you. But I don't care to take the living now, and find him in beer and bacca."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that shall bend to the masters. He shall stand up with the Unionists for his rights, or he shall stand up against me."

"I do, and I am proud on it," was Mrs. Cox's answer. "I goes washing, I goes charring, nothing comes amiss to me, and I manage to keep the wolf from the door. It isn't my husband that

"BLESSED DREAMS."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The sunset's smile had left the sky—
The moon rose calm and fair,
A low little maiden knelt
To breathe her mighty prayer;
And thus her brief petition rose—
In simple words and few—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

oh, I have stood in temples grand,
Where in the rainbow'd gloom,
Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips,
Through clouds of dense perfume—
But never one has seemed to me—
So guiltless, pure and new—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Ah, little maiden, kneeling there,
Beneath the sunset skies,
What need we of other prayer
Than yours, so sweet and wise?
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,
But how and pray with you,
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

—Portland Transcript.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EARL LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

KEEPING OFFICE.

Hamish entered the office. Arthur and Roland Yorke had their heads stretched out at the window, and did not hear his footsteps. He advanced quietly and brought his hands down hastily upon the shoulder of each. Roland started, and gave his head a knock against the window frame.

"How you startle a fellow! I thought it was Mad Nance come in to seize hold of me."

"She has seized hold of enough for one day," said Hamish. "Harper will dream of her to-night."

"I thought Galloway would have gone into a fit, he laughed so," cried Arthur. "As to my sides, they'll ache for an hour."

Roland Yorke's lip curled with an angry expression. "My opinion coincides with Harper's," he said. "I think Mad Nance ought to be punished. We are none of us safe from her, if this is to be the game."

"If you punish her to-day, she would do the same again to-morrow, when the fit came over her," rejoined Hamish. "It is not often she breaks out like this. The only thing is, to steer clear of her."

"Hamish has a fellow feeling for that Mad Nance," mockingly spoke Roland Yorke.

"Yes, poor thing! for her story is a sad one. If the same grievous wrong were worked upon some of us, perhaps we might go mad and take to dancing for the benefit of the public. Talking of the public, Arthur," continued Hamish, turning to his brother, "what became of you at dinner-time? The mother was for setting the town-crier to work."

"I could not get home to-day. We have had double work to do, as Jenkins is away."

Hamish tilted himself on to the edge of Mr. Jenkins's desk, and took up the letter, apparently in abstraction, which Mr. Galloway had left there, ready for the post. "Mr. Robert Galloway, Seaview Terrace, Ventnor, Isle of Wight" read he aloud. "That must be Mr. Galloway's cousin," he remarked; "the one who has got through so much money."

"Of course it is," answered Roland Yorke. Galloway pretty near keeps him, I know. There's a £20 bank-note going to him in that letter. Catch me doing it, if I were Galloway."

"I wish it was going into my pocket instead," said Hamish, balancing the letter on his fingers, as if he wished to test its weight.

"I wish the clouds would drop sovereigns! But they don't come any the quicker for my wishing it," said Roland Yorke.

Hamish put the letter back from whence he had taken it, and jumped off the desk.

"I must be walking," said he. "Stopping here will not do my work. If we—"

"By Jove! there's Knivett!" uttered Roland Yorke. "Where's he off to, so fast? I have something that I must tell him."

Snatching up his hat, Roland darted at full speed out of the office, in search of one who was running at full speed also down the street. Hamish looked out, amused, at the chase; Arthur, who had called after him in vain, seemed vexed.

"Knivett is one of the fleetest runners in Helstonleigh," said Hamish. "Yorke will scarcely catch him up."

"I wish Yorke would allow himself a little thought, and not act upon impulse," exclaimed Arthur. "I cannot stop three minutes longer, and he knows that! I shall be late for college."

He glided away, and Arthur went straight to the office. Hamish was alone; he was seated at Mr. Jenkins's desk, writing a note. "You're still, Hamish! Where's Yorke?"

"He answers where," replied Hamish, who appeared to have recovered his full flow of spirits. "I have seen nothing of him."

"That's Yorke all over! It is too bad."

"It would be very this a busy afternoon with me. But what brings you back, Mr. Arthur? Have you left the organ to play itself?"

"Williams is taking it; he heard of Jenkins's accident, and thought I might not be able to get away from the office twice to-day, so he attended himself."

"Come, that's good natured of Williams!"

five minutes, I dare say. Yorke is sure to be in."

Hamish came to the door, halting on its first step, and looking out over Arthur's shoulder. He drew his head in again with a sudden movement.

"Is not that old Hopper down there?" he asked, below his breath, the tone sounding like one of fear.

Arthur turned his eyes on a shabby, old man, who was crossing the end of the street, and saw Hopper, the sheriff's officer.

"Say, why?"

"It is that old fellow who holds the writ. He may be on the watch for me now. I can't go out just yet, Arthur; I'll stay here till Yorke comes back."

He returned to the office, sat down, and leaned his brow upon his hand. A strange brow of care it was, just then, ill according with the gay face of Hamish Channing. Arthur, waiting for no second permission, flew towards the cathedral as fast as his long legs would carry him. The dean and chapter were preparing to leave the chapter house as he tore past it, through the cloister. Three o'clock was striking. Arthur's heart and breath were alike panting when he gained the dark stairs. At that moment, to his excessive astonishment, the organ began to play forth.

Seated at it was Mr. Williams; and a few words of explanation ensued. The organist said he should remain for the service, which rendered Arthur at liberty to go back again.

He was retracing his steps underneath the elm trees in the boundaries, at a less swift pace than he had recently passed them, when, in turning a corner, he came face to face with the sheriff's officer. Arthur, whose thoughts were at that moment fixed upon Hamish and his difficulties, started away from the man, in an impulse for which he could not have accounted.

"No need for you to be frightened of me, Mr. Arthur," said the man, who in his more palmy days, before he learnt to take more drink than was good for him, had been a clerk in Mr. Channing's office. "I have got nothing about me that will bite you."

He laid a stress upon the "you" in both cases. Arthur understood only too well what was meant, though he would not appear to do so.

"Not anybody else, either, I hope, Hopper. A warm day, is it not?"

Hopper drew close to Arthur, not looking at him, apparently examining with hands and eyes the trunk of the elm tree underneath which they had halted.

"You tell your brother not to put himself in my way," he said, in a low tone, his lips scarcely moving. "He is in a bit of trouble, just met Hopper."

"He did not convert you into a writing-server, I hope. I don't think it would be a legal service."

"There you are, making joke of it again! Hamish, he has the writ, but he does not wish to serve it. You are to keep out of his way, says he, and he will not seek to put himself in yours. My father was kind to him in days gone by, and he remembers it now."

"He's a regular trump!" I'll see him half a crown in a parcel," exclaimed Hamish.

"I wish you would hear me out. He says £10 note, perhaps a £5 note, paid or account, would induce 'his people'. I suppose you understand the phrase—to stay proceedings, and give you time. He strongly advises it to be done. That's all."

"You are not so considerate to all," said Arthur, after a pause given to revolving the words, and to wonder whether they were spoken in good faith, or with some insidious purpose. He could not decide.

"No, I am not," pointedly returned Hopper, in answer. "There are some that I look after as sharp as a ferret looks after a rat, but I'll never do that by any son of Mr. Channing's. I can't forget the old days, sir, when your father was kind to me; he stood by me longer than my own friends did; but for him I should have starved in that long illness I had, when the office would have me no longer. Why don't Mr. Hamish settle this?" he abruptly added.

"I suppose he cannot," answered Arthur.

"It is but a bagatelle at the worst, and our folks would not have gone to extremities if he had shown only a disposition to settle. I am sure that if he would go to them now, and pay down a £10 note, and say, 'You shall have the rest as I can get it,' they would release them. Tell him to do it, Mr. Arthur; tell him I always know which way the wind blows with our people."

"I will tell him, but I fear he is very short of money just now. Five or ten pounds may be as impractical to find sometimes as five or ten thousand."

Constance bent her pretty face forward. "Do, Hamish, if you can."

He suffered himself to be persuaded, stepped into the barouche, and took his seat by Lady Augusta. As they drove away, Arthur thought the greatest ornament the carriage contained had been added to it in handsome Hamish.

A tall hour Arthur worked on at his deeds and leases, and Yorke never returned. Mr. Galloway came in then. "Where's Yorke?" was his first question.

Arthur replied that he did not know. He had "stepped out" somewhere. Arthur Channing was not one to make mischief, or set another into trouble. Mr. Galloway asked no further; he probably inferred that Yorke had just gone. He sat down at Jenkins's desk, and began to read over a case.

"Can I have the stamp, sir, for this deed?" Arthur presently asked.

"They are not ready. Are the letters gone to the post?"

"Not yet, sir."

"You can take them now, then. Mr. Arthur, suppose you step in as you return and see how Jenkins is."

"Very well sir." He went into Mr. Galloway's room, and brought forth the three letters from the rack. "Is this one not to be sealed?" he inquired of Mr. Galloway, indicating the one directed to Ventnor, for it was Mr. Galloway's inviolable custom to seal letters which contained money, after they had been fastened down with the gum. "It is a double surely," he would say.

"You just wait," raved Ketch. "I'm coming round to the head master, and I'll

bargain, of course it is your own look-out that you fulfill it. Yes, it was considerate of Williams."

"Considerate for himself," said Arthur; "he did not come down to give me holiday, but in the fear lest Mr. Galloway should prevent my attending. A pretty thing it would have been," he said to me, "had there been no organist this afternoon; it might have cost me my place."

"Moonshine!" said Hamish. "It might have cost him a word of reprimand, nothing more."

"Helstonleigh's dean is a strict one, remember. I told Williams he might always depend upon me."

"What should you have done, pray, had I not been here to turn office-keeper?" laughed Hamish.

"The two duties I must have obeyed the most important one. I should have locked up the office and given the key to the housekeeper till college was over, or till Yorke returned. He deserved something for this move. Has any one called?"

"No, Arthur, I have been making free with a sheet of paper and an envelope," said Hamish, completing the note he was writing. "I suppose I am welcome to it?"

"To ten, if you want them," returned Arthur.

"As if I should put you an account of my love-letters!" gaily answered Hamish.

He spied at the post with the letters. Coming back, he turned into Mrs. Jenkins's shop in the High street.

Mrs. Jenkins was behind the counter. "Oh, go up! go up and see him!" she cried in a tone of suppressed passion. "His bedroom's front, up the two-pair flight. I'll take my affidavit that there have been fifty folks here this day to see him, if there has been one. You'll find other company up there!"

Arthur groped his way up the stairs; they were dark to his sight, coming in from the garish sunshine. He found the room indicated, and entered. Jenkins lay in his bed, his bandaged head upon the pillow, and seated by his side, his apron falling, and his clerical hat held before his knees, was the Bishop of Helstonleigh.

"Ay, to be sure," replied Mr. Galloway. "I went off in a hurry, and did not do it. Bring me the wax."

Arthur handed him the sealing wax and a light. Mr. Galloway sealed the letter, stamping it with the seal hanging to his watch chain. He then held out his hand for another of the letters, and sealed that. "And this one, also?" inquired Arthur, holding out the third.

"No. You can take them, now."

Arthur departed. A few paces from the door he met Roland Yorke, coming along in a white heat.

"Channing, I could not help it. I could not upon my honor. I had to go some where with Knivett, and we were kept till Yorke comes back."

"What should you have done, pray, had I not been here to turn office-keeper?" laughed Hamish.

"He has only just come in. You had to go right to play me this trick, Yorke. But for Hamish being there, I must have locked up the office. Don't you do it again, or Mr. Galloway may get to hear of it."

"It is all owing to that confounded Jenkins," flushed Roland. "Why did he go and get his head smashed? You are a good fellow, Arthur. I'll do you a neighborly turn, some time."

He sped into the office, and Arthur walked to the post with the letters. Coming back, he turned into Mrs. Jenkins's shop in the High street.

"Mrs. Jenkins was behind the counter. "Oh, go up! go up and see him!" she cried in a tone of suppressed passion. "His bedroom's front, up the two-pair flight. I'll take my affidavit that there have been fifty folks here this day to see him, if there has been one. You'll find other company up there!"

When he had fully taken in the fact—which cost him some little time to do—he turned his anger upon Bywater.

"You have took 'em, you have! you have turned thief and stole 'em! I put 'em here in the knife box, and they are gone! What have you done with 'em?"

"Come, that's good!" exclaimed Bywater, in too genuine a tone to admit a suspicion of his truth. "I have not been near your knife box, I have not put my foot inside the door."

In point of fact, Bywater had not; he had stood outside, bending his head and body inwards, his hands grasping either door post.

"What's gone with 'em? Who has took 'em off? I'll swear I put 'em there, and I have never looked at 'em nor touched 'em since! There's an infamous conspiracy a-forming again me! I'm going to be bloused up like Guy Fawkes!"

"If you did put them there—*if* you have taken 'em, you have some of your friends taken them!" cried Bywater, in a tone midway between reason and irony.

"There haven't a soul been high the place, shrieked Ketch. "Except the milk, and he gave me my horse through the winder."

"Hurrah!" said Bywater, throwing up his trencher. "It's a clear case of dreams. You dreamt you had a second pair of keys, Ketch, and couldn't get rid of the impression on awakening. Mr. Ketch, D. H., dreamer in chief to Helstonleigh!"

Bywater commenced a dance of aggravation. Ketch was aggravated sufficiently without it.

"What's ye call me?" he asked, in a state of concentrated temper that turned his face livid. "D. H. What's ye mean by D. H.? D. H. stands for that bad spirit as is too near to you college boys; he's among you always, like a raging lion. It's like your impudence to call me by his name!"

"My dear Mr. Ketch! call ye by his name? I never thought of such a thing," politely retorted Bywater. "You are not promoted to that honor yet. D. H. stands for Deputy Hangman. Isn't it affixed to the cathedral roll, kept amid the archives in the chapter house? John Ketch, D. H., porter to the cloisters! I hope you don't mind the distinction initials when you open your letters?"

Ketch fumed. Bywater damed. The former could not find words. The latter found plenty.

I say, though, Mr. Calvaly don't you make a similar mistake when you are going in public duty. If you were to do that, Constance you had got the right apparatus and find in the tactical moment that ass has brought the wrong you don't know what the consequences might be. The real victim escape, rescued by the enraged crowd, and they might put the night upon you, and operate upon you instead. Be careful.

We couldn't afford to have you come to think what a lot of money it would cost to put the college into motion."

Constance gave a great gasp of agony. "Look an' look he'll be at his moment, when he'll fall short of his aim, come crashing down on the red brick floor, and bang the door open. Bywater's here. Bywater will be here, and I'll stand outside of the cathedral gates and beat his body backwards and forwards with the evidence of his conduct."

"I am in danger now. I was there, when I was there, but I don't know who they had bushes with, but, for certain, those bushes parted when they lost keys what will be in the wall with it, with a sharp, sharp cutting edge. There was no hedge in my hedge. I just cut it in the knife

bishop?" burst forth Bywater. "He knows all about it, and he is not going to put us up for punishment. Let's go round to the palace gates and cheer him."

"Knows that it was us?" echoed the boys, starting. "How did it come out to him, asked Hurst."

"He guessed it, I think," said Bywater, and he taxied it with a shrug. "So I couldn't help myself, and told him I'd take the punishment; and he said he'd excuse me, but then we'd be no locking up of Mr. Calcraft again. I'll lay a hundred guineas the bishop went in for scrapes himself when he was a boy." I'll be bound he thinks we only served the fellow right. Hurrah for the bishop!"

Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Oh! what d'you think, thought, interrupted Bywater. Ketch can't find the keys. He put them in a knife box, he says, and this morning they are gone. He intended to take them round to Pyc and I left him going rampant over the loss. Didn't I tell him?"

Hurst laughed. He unbuttoned the pocket of his trousers and partially exhibited two tiny keys.

I was not going to leave them to Ketch for witnesses," said he. "I saw him throw them into the tray last night, and I walked them out again, while he was talking to the crowd."

"I say, Hurst, don't be such a ninny as to keep them about you," exclaimed Berkely, in a fright. "Suppose Pyc should go in for a search this morning, and take our pockets? You'll lose us at once."

"The truth is, I don't know where to put them," immensely acknowledging Hurst. "I hid them at home, they'd get found, if I trod them off the street, some holliballou might arise from it."

Let's carry them back to the old inn at stop, and get the allow to retake them at the price we gave."

"Catch him doing that! Besides the truth is sure to get wind in the town, he might be capable of coming forward and declaring that we bought the keys at his shop."

Let's throw 'em down at Pyc's with the."

They drew upwards in the basket, like apes."

"Good for 'em! making a buzzway round 'em, and dished it to Mr. Smith, London."

"Two pounds to pay, to be kept till call day," added Mark Galloway, impaving upon the suggestion. "They'd put it in their pockets, and it would never come out again."

"Dash them into the river," said Stephen Bywater. "It's the only safe place; they'd draw the bottom for ever. We have got time to do it now. Come away!"

Acting promptly upon the impulse, and always ready to, they went adagio out of the cloisters running around the head master, who was entering them and neatly securing his epaulettes. He gave them an angry word or two, then touched their caps in reply, and somewhat waked their good, resuming the gallop which he was before keeping.

Following the cathedrals and representations on the western side was a wall built of red stone. It was only breast high, standing on this side, the cathedral side, but on the other it descended several feet, to the broad path which ran along the bank of the river. The boys made for this walk, and gained it their cloaks hot and their breath gone.

"Whell pitch 'em in!" cried Hurst, who did not altogether relish being chosen actor. "Well, far windows looked on to that part of the river, the cathedral side, but on the other it descended several feet, to the broad path which ran along the bank of the river. The boys made for this walk, and gained it their cloaks hot and their breath gone."

"I am whole dressed," responded Fanny. "My frock's on, and my pinafore."

"And then?" said Constance, touching the coat paper.

"With Martha, got up too late, and said she had no time to take them out. It will keep me in all the better, Miss Channing, and perhaps I am going to the missionary meeting with mamma."

Constance rang the bell. Martha, who was the only maid kept except the cook, appeared in answer to it. Lady Augusta was wont to say that she had too much expense with her boys to keep many servants, and the argument was true.

"Be so kind as to take the papers out of Miss Fanny's hair. And let it be done up, Martha, before she comes to me."

Young Galloway was under Hurst. He no more dared to disobey him than he could have disobeyed the head master. Had Hurst ordered him to jump into the river he might have done it. He took the keys severally from his hand, and was raising them for the pitch, when Bywater laid his hand upon them and struck them down with a sudden movement, clutching them to him.

"You little wretch, you are as dead as a door-nail," he uttered. "There's somebody coming up. Turn your head, and look who it is."

It proved to be Fordham, the dean's servant. He was but accidentally passing. The boys did not fear him; nevertheless, it was only prudent to remain still, until he had gone. They stood, all the five, leaning upon the wall, sound their waistcoats and the sleeves of their jackets, in apparent contemplation of the view beyond. A pleasant view! The river wound peacefully along between its green banks, meadows and cornfields were stretched out beyond, while an opening afforded a glimpse of that lovely chain of hills, their tops touching the blue sky, and the white houses nestled at their base. A barge, drawn by a horse, was appearing slowly from underneath the city

bridge, blue smoke ascending from its chimney.

A woman on board was hanging out linen to dry—a shirt, a pair of stockings, and a handkerchief, her husband's change for the coming Sunday. A young girl was sweeping perhaps beside her, and a man, probably the husband, sat smoking his pipe in his mouth. The boys fixed their eyes upon the boat.

"I shouldn't mind such a life as that,"

Lowell's son replied.

"I think it is not far that I wish to go," said Carlisle.

"How did it come out to him?"

"He guessed it, I think," said Bywater,

and he taxied it with a shrug. "So I couldn't help myself, and told him I'd take the punishment; and he said he'd excuse me, but then we'd be no locking up of Mr. Calcraft again. I'll lay a hundred guineas the bishop went in for scrapes himself when he was a boy."

"Fordham's gone, and he'll be hanged to him!"

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"Upon my word and honor, it is not. He pitched right upon his head; it might have cost him his life had he fallen upon the edge of the stone step, but they think he delighted flat. My father was a fool, with him this morning at six o'clock."

"Does your father know about it?"

"Not yet. What next?" cried Hurst.

"Shall I stand before him and take my troubles off with a bow, and say, 'If you please, dear father, it was the enough here who served out old Ketch.' That would be a nice joke. He said at breakfast this morning that that fumbling old Ketch must have got hold of the writing keys. Of course, sir, answered I."

"Fordham's gone,"

Bywater.

"Hurrah for the bishop!" shouted Hurst with the other chorus of voices. "Long life to him! He's made of the right sort of stuff. I say, though, Jenkins is the worst," added Hurst, his nose changing. "My father says he doesn't know but what brain fever will come on."

"Mosey along," laughed the boys.

"

"Those boys will get a tanning, to-morrow, from old Pye!" exclaimed Roland, remembering the time when "tannings" had been his portion for the same fault. "Go and see what they are after, Martha."

They were "after" jumping up in alarm, aroused by the college bell. Amidst wild confusion, for nothing seemed to be at hand, with harsh reproofs to Martha, touching shirts and socks, and other necessary articles of attire, they got down stairs, somehow, and flew out of the house on their way to the college school room; Gerald drinking down a fresh cup of coffee, scalding hot; Tod crumpling a thick piece of bread-and-butter into his trowsers' pocket, and trusting to good luck to eat it between-whiles. All this was nothing unusual—it was the customary scuffle of Sunday morning. The Yorkies did get to college, somehow, and there was an end of it.

After the conclusion of the service, as the congregation were dispersing, Mr. Galloway came up to Arthur Channing in the cloisters, and drew him aside.

"Do you recollect taking out the letters to the post last Friday afternoon?" he inquired.

"On Friday?" mused Arthur, who could not at the moment recollect much about that particular day's letters; it was he generally posted them for the office. "Oh, yes, I do remember, sir," he replied, as the relative circumstances flashed across him.

Mr. Galloway looked at him, possibly doubting whether he really did remember. "How many letters were there for the post that afternoon?" he asked.

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure, sir," answered Arthur, in some surprise. But Mr. Galloway said no more, and gave no explanation of the reason for his inquiry. He turned into his own house, which was situated near the cloister gates, and Arthur went to his.

Had he been attending worship in Helsingør Cathedral that same afternoon, you might have observed, as one of the congregation, a tall, stout man, with a dark, sallow face, and grey hair. He sat in a stall near to the Reverend William Yorke, who was the officiating minister for the afternoon. It was Dr. Lamb. A somewhat peculiar history was his. Brought up to the medical profession, and taking his physician's degree early, he went out to settle in New Zealand, where he had friends. Circumstances brought him into frequent contact with the natives there. A benevolent, thoughtful man, gifted by the Divine blessing, with much Christian grace, the soul spiritual state of these poor heathens gave the deepest concern to Dr. Lamb. He did what he could for them between whiles, but his profession took up most of his time, often did he wish he had more time at his command.

A few years of hard work, and then the wish was realized. A small patrimony was bequeathed to him, sufficient to enable him to live. From that time he applied himself to the arduous duties of a missionary, and his labors were crowned with marked success. Next came illness. He was attacked with rheumatism in the joints, and, after many unavailing remedies had been tried, came home in search of health, which he found, as you have heard, at certain spas of Germany.

Mr. Channing watched the time piece eagerly. Unless it had been your portion, my reader, to undergo long, and apparently hopeless, affliction, and to find yourself at length unexpectedly told that there *may* be a cure for you; that another, afflicted in a similar manner, has been restored to health by simple means, and will call upon you and describe to you what they were—you could scarcely comprehend the nervous expectancy of Mr. Channing on this afternoon. Four o'clock—they would not be long now.

A very little time longer, and they were with him—his family, Mr. Yorke, and Dr. Lamb. The chief subject of anxiety was soon entered upon, Dr. Lamb describing his illness at great length.

"But you are as helpless as I am?" inquired Mr. Channing.

"Quite as helpless. I was carried on board the ship, and carried to a bed at an hotel when I reached England. From what I have heard of your case, and by what you say, I should judge the nature of your malady to be precisely similar to mine."

"And now tell me about the healing remedy."

Dr. Lamb paused. "You must promise to put faith in my description."

Mr. Channing raised his eyes in surprise. Why should I not put faith in it?"

"Because it will appear to you very simple. I consulted a medical man in London, one eminent in rheumatic cases, and he gave it as his opinion that a month or two passed at one of the continental springs might restore me."

"I laughed at him."

"I did not believe him." Shall I confess to you that I felt ill with him? There was I, a poor, afflicted man, lying in helplessness, racked with pain, and to be gravely assured that short sojourn at a pleasant foreign watering place would, in all probability, cure me, seemed to me very like mockery. I knew something of the disease, its ordinary treatment, and its various phases. It was true I had left Europe many years, and strange changes had been taking place in medical science. Still I had no faith in what he said, as being applicable to my own case. And for a whole month, week after week, day after day, declined to entertain his views. I considered that it would be so much time and money lost."

Dr. Lamb paused. Mr. Channing did not interrupt him.

"One Sunday evening, I was on my solitary sofa, lying in pain—as I can see you are lying now. The bells were ringing out for evening service. I lay thinking of my dis-

tressing condition; wishing I could be healed. By and by, after the bells had ceased, and the worshippers had assembled within the walls of the sanctuary, from which privilege I was excluded, I took my Bible. It opened at the 55th chapter of the second book of Kings. I began to read it, somewhat, I fear, listlessly—listlessly, at any rate, compared with the strange enthusiasm which grew over me as I read, 'Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.' And Naaman was writhing. And his servants spake unto him and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith unto thee, Wash and be clean?'

"Mr. Channing," Dr. Lamb continued in a deeper tone, "the words sounded in my ear, fell upon my heart like very message sent direct from God. All the folly of my own obstinate disbelief came full upon me; the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I said, Shall I not try the simple thing? A firm conviction that the chapter had been directed to me that night as a warning, seated itself within me; and, from that hour, I never entertained a shadow of doubt but what the bathes would be successful."

"And you journeyed to them?"

"Instantly. Within a week I was there. I seemed to know that I was going to my cure. You will not, probably, understand this." "I understand it perfectly," was Mr. Channing's answer. "I believe that a merciful Providence does vouchsafe, at rare times, to move us by these direct interpositions, I need not ask you if you were cured. I have heard you were. I see you are. Can you tell me aught of the actual means?"

"I was ordered to a part of Prussian tierney, a small place in the vicinity of Aix-la-Chapelle; a quiet, unpretending cheap place, where there are ever perpetual springs of boiling sulphuric water. The precise course of treatment I will come in another day and describe to you. I had to drink a great deal of the water warm—six or eight half pints of it per day; I had to bathe regularly in this water; and I had to take what are called douche baths every other day."

"I have heard of douche baths," said Mr. Channing. "Rather fierce, are they not?"

"Fierce," echoed the doctor. "The first time I tried one, I thought I was never coming out alive. The water was dashed upon me through a tube, with what seemed alarming force, until I got used to it; while an attendant rubbed and turned and twisted my limbs, as if they had been so many straws in his strong hand. So violent is the action of the water that my face had to be protected by a board, lest it should come in contact with it."

"Strong treatment!" remarked Mr. Channing.

"Strong, but effectual. Effectual, so far as my case was concerned. Whether it was the drinking of the water, or the sulphur baths, or the douches, or the pure air, or the Prussian doctor's medicine, or all combined, I was, under God's goodness, restored to health. I entertain no doubt that you may be."

"And the cost?" asked Mr. Channing, with a sigh he could not wholly suppress.

"There's the beauty of it! there's the benefit to us poor folks, who possess but a shallow purse, and that only half filled," laughed Dr. Lamb. "Had it been expensive, I could not have afforded it. These baths, mind you, are in the hotel, which is the greatest possible accommodation to invalids; the warm baths cost a franc each, the douche two francs, the water you drink, nothing. The doctor's fee is four and sixpence, and you need not consult him much. Ascertain the proper course, and go on with it."

"Strong treatment!" remarked Mr. Channing.

"Strong, but effectual. Effectual, so far as my case was concerned. Whether it was the drinking of the water, or the sulphur baths, or the douches, or the pure air, or the Prussian doctor's medicine, or all combined, I was, under God's goodness, restored to health. I entertain no doubt that you may be."

"And the cost?" asked Mr. Channing, with a sigh he could not wholly suppress.

"There's the beauty of it! there's the benefit to us poor folks, who possess but a shallow purse, and that only half filled," laughed Dr. Lamb. "Had it been expensive, I could not have afforded it. These baths, mind you, are in the hotel, which is the greatest possible accommodation to invalids. In reply, Mr. Seward says that the President avows the arrest as directed by him, and deemed necessary for the prompt suppression of the rebellion."

Gen. W. Johnson, the late Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who acted as volunteer aid of Brigadier John C. Breckinridge in the late battle, was captured by the rebels and had already reached Corinth. The remainder were collected at Chattanooga, and other points on the railroad, and could not get through on account of the railroad being in possession of Mitchell. The captured railroad stock had been sent to Nashville.

B. H. Burleigh, Esq., counsel for Gen. Cameron, in the suit of Pierrepont Butler against him for illegal arrest, has sent a letter to Mr. Seward, calling upon the Administration which ordered the arrest to assume the responsibility of it, and relieve Gen. Cameron of the burden of defense. In reply, Mr. Seward says that the President avows the arrest as directed by him, and deemed necessary for the prompt suppression of the rebellion.

Gen. Mitchell still continues his extraordinary march, and has occupied Tuscaloosa, having now possession of two hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Gen. Halleck, at Pittsburg Landing, has been largely reinforced.

Gen. Braxton has transferred the command of Fort Pillow to Gen. Price.

A. C. Erwin has been received by a high official in this city, from Gen. McClellan, giving most enthusiastic accounts of the spirit which pervades the Army of the Potomac.

On gumbouts on the Tennessee had effected the passage of the Muscle Shoals, above Florence, and penetrated as far as Huntsville, Alabama, where they had captured a quantity of commissary stores.

Arrivals from New Orleans by way of Ha-

ven reports that Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, have been abandoned by the rebels and the cannon taken away. (Doubtful.)

Mr. H. H. Birrell, whose will has just been proved in England under £200,000 (\$1,000,000), leaves the whole to his two sons on payment if they wear a mustache; the property in that case to be applied to the erection of a dwelling for the homeless poor.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is unchanged, and the sales limited to a few small lots.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

TIN is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

BRASS is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

H. A. Hay—the market is unchanged with respect to the 1000 lbs. for each of iron, tin, lead, and copper.

COPPER is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

LEAD is hard, increasing but there is little demand for the former at full rates.

IRON. There is a quiet feature in the market for pig metal, with some increase in English iron, but no change in American iron.

Wit and Humor.

McFERGUSON'S STYLE.

McFerguson is the prince of bores. In the art of button holing a fellow and detaining him when he is in a hurry, Mac has no superior. When he gets a fair hold of the lapel of your coat, consider yourself a victim for an indefinite period. From him there is no escape, and when I see him coming towards me, I generally go three blocks out of the way to avoid meeting him. The other day he came upon me unawares, and had me fast before I caught a glimpse of his ugly pug. I couldn't help myself, and therefore submitted as patiently as I could, to the risk of being talked to death. The beauty of McFerguson's style is to particularize. He is a great stickler for minutia, and he proceeded in his slow, methodical manner, to tell me about a certain Thomas Somebody or other, as fol-

lows—

"Why, how do you do, friend Popkins? You are the very person I wished to see. I've got something to communicate that I know will interest you very much. I heaved a heart rending sigh, which would have brought tears into the eyes of a Blairston, but he, the obstinate wretch, took no note of it. You recollect Thomas—oh, ah! Thomas—Thomas—let me see—what was his name? His mother married a second time, you recollect, to—oh—ah—ah—you know, he kept a kind of store where they sold all sorts of—ah—ah—you know where—I mean, directly opposite to—oh—ah—ah—oh, show—I don't mean Shaw, directly opposite to what I've said—tavern. He who was arrested for a—oh—for a—oh—confound it! you know what I mean. It happened in the same year that old—old—Athena take it! can't I think of his name?—old—a—ah—ah—blame it all! you ought to remember who I am to! He's got a brother in law who went out as Second Corporal in the—ah—ah—ah—why the devil can't I bring to mind the number of that regiment? It's commanded by Colonel—Colonel—humpf! I've got the name on the tip of my tongue. Colonel—Colonel—ah—humpf! oh, by the by, you know who I mean. It was the same officer who was a Lieutenant during the Mexican war, and distinguished himself at the battle of—of—ah—ah—a—darn it! why can't I think of the name of that battle?—There—Chere—Chere—no, not Chere—Chere—humpf! it's too infernal bad! Oh, now you can tell! On the on the the ah! it's really too provoking that the date has slipped my memory. I'm generally so correct about dates. However, it was fought on the very day that the factory burned down out—out—well, it don't matter about the name of the street. I know that our company was the first to get into service, for we took a plug right at the corner of—ah—ah—ah—

As he released his hold with one hand, for the purpose of pointing out the position of "that plug," I suddenly jerked loose from the other, leaving in it, however, one large-sized lasting button, to which he is perfectly welcome. I would cheerfully have resigned the whole coat to have escaped sooner, but the thing was impossible. I now positively assert that I would rather sacrifice my entire wardrobe extensive as it is than listen to the balance of Mac's yarn. This even so.

A VICTIM'S HIT AT PERHAM.

A gentleman, living somewhere or other, and who had previously been supposed by his acquaintances to have a sufficient amount of Yankee wit to guard him against bumboing, purchased, "once upon a time," a Perham Gift Ticket; but when he "came to himself," and found that the one he purchased was "no go," he sent it back to Mr. P., with the following lines written on the back, which show evident signs of genuine repentance on the part of our friend, and also contain some good advice:

"No splendid farm to last on, no guided pencil
easy,
No instrument to the art, no writing man to
teach,
Clean gone my silver dollar, dreams of prays all
clean gone,
Naught left me but this worthless card, to
scratch my scalding on.
And alas! full Perham—Prince of bumboings,
curse the luck,
but for thy Seven Mile Mirror gifts I should not
have been stuck.
They lead, shall ye? flat heads, &c.—whoever
pastry gold,
It is too to draw Dame Fortune's sleeve, or like
me to be said."
Take this advice, I beg you, its all that I can
utter,
Don't buy a ticket save your cash to buy your
bread and butter."

WELL READ IN SCRIPTURE.—A clergyman in Stirlingshire, being engaged in catechizing a number of his parishioners, asked a man of the name of Peter, "How many years did the children of Israel sojourn in the wilderness?" To which he replied, "Forty." "But can you tell me, sir," said Peter, "how many knives the children of Israel brought back with them from Babylon to Jerusalem?" The clergyman paused and pondered, and was at length obliged to confess that he could give no answer. "Well," said Peter, "they just brought back twenty-nine knives. You will find it stated in Ezra, first chapter and ninth verse."

A MUSULMAN NOTION OF CRINOLINE.—A German journal relates the following anecdote, on the authority of a traveller recently returned from Africa—"A wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers, and was present at a ball. On his return home he said to his wives, 'What strange creatures these French women are! Would you believe it? they actually carry an open umbrella under their petticoats!' Such was the idea formed of crinoline by this son of Mahomet."

A CLEAR FIELD.

A good story is told at the expense of a prominent member of the State Senate in these words—

"One hero, when a candidate for a seat in the Senate, desiring the support of a certain Judge, he sent a friend to bring about an arrangement. The Judge at first declined to have anything to do with the matter, but after much hard pressing he promised at length to lend his aid on one condition—and that was that Mr. — should obligate himself not to steal more than half the time. He said that if that promise was adhered to, he rather thought the candidate would do about as well as the general average. When report was made to the candidate, he indignantly repudiated the bargain, saying—

"I do not want to go into the Senate at all if I am to be embarrassed and hampered in that way."

It is needless to say that he got in, and, being "unhampered," has made a big thing of it ever since.

A SERIOUS JOKE.—A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's. One day an elderly gentleman of the old boy school blundered into the wrong shop. "Doctor X in?" "Don't live here," says P., who was in full scribble over some important papers, without looking up. "Oh! I thought this was his office." "Next door." "Pray, sir, can you tell me who has the doctor many patients?" "Not living." The old gentleman was never heard of in the vicinity again, but the story was, that Dr. X threatened to sue P. for libel. However, he came to think better of it.

LEATHER TRUNK.—The boat has just arrived, and the landing was as usual crowded with cabinmen, porters, &c. When the passengers commenced landing, a porter stepped up to a country-looking chap, saying, "Carry your baggage, sir?" "No," was the reply. "Shant I carry your baggage?" "No." "I ain't got any baggage." The porter looked at him for a minute, then very coolly stooped down, and taking hold of his foot, said with an air of astonishment, "Why, master, that's one of your feet, isn't it? Hang me if I didn't think it was a leather trunk!"

A POLISH WEDDING.

As soon as the parties were properly placed, the service commenced, and the noble baronies which had filled the church died away. The ceremony was simple, differing in nothing from the usual form used in all Roman Catholic countries, except that instead of a plain gold ringlet being placed on the bride's finger, as a symbol of eternity, and of the intention of both parties to keep forever the solemn covenant into which they have entered before God, and of which it is the pledge, there was an exchange of rings. The priest paused in the service when he came to the words, "With this ring." And, then, one of the bridesmaids came timidly and gracefully forward, and placed two rings on the open book which he held in his hand. He took them up one after another, in his right hand, offering up solemn prayers, and pronouncing a blessing over them. He then gave the small one, which had engraven on it the bridegroom's name, Mauritus Mochnicki, and the date of the year, to the bridegroom, and the large one, having the name Jabolis Zylzianski, to the bride. For one moment, while he pronounced a few words in a solemn tone, they retained them, and then Jabolis, lifting her eyes to the bridegroom's as if to gather strength and firmness for the last solemn act, they exchanged them—the small one, having his name, shown on her finger, while the larger ring encircled his. Immediately on entering the chateau, the bride's veil and wreath were removed by a married lady, and replaced by a capornamented with orange blossoms, entirely concealing her beautiful tresses. Meantime, the bridesmaids had been ditting around her, laughing, while peying blushing. Presently she took the wreath, which one of them had disengaged from her veil, and flung it among them, it fell on the shoulders of a beautiful girl, who was at once pronounced the "bride of the next wedding." Just then several beautiful children of about ten years, having on their arms small silver flagge baskets, filled with tiny bouquets of choice violets, entered the saloon, and going round through the guests, presented one to each, with a gold pin to fasten it, having a head in the form of a hexagon, each the sides of which was delicately engraved. On one side were the initials of the bride, on the second those of the bridegroom, on the third, the day of the week, the fourth, the day of the month, the fifth, the district in the year, sixth, the name of the district in which the ceremony had been performed, of which they are ever after to be preserved as mementoes.

DEPTH OF QUIET PEOPLE.—Some men drown upon you like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just as do the hundred tales you meet in your daily walks. They come across your horizon like floating clouds, and you have to watch a while before you see that they are mountains. Some men remind you of quiet lakes, places such as you have often happened upon, where the green turf and the field-flower hang over you and are reflected out of the water all day long. Some day or other, you carelessly drop a line into the clear depths close by the side of the daisies and daffodils, and it goes down, down, down. You lean over and sound deeper, but your line doesn't bring up. What a deep spot that is! you think, and you try another. The reflected daisies seem to smile at you out of the water, the turf looks as green as ever, but there is no shallow spot beneath. You never thought it, but your quiet lake is all around unfathomable. You are none the less impressed from the fact that it is a quiet lake. *Williams' Quarterly.*

IT IS NOT STRANGE THAT THE MONARCH IS HAUGHTY.—The lion of the people's power crouches at his feet, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne.

IT IS NOT STRANGE THAT THE MONARCH IS HAUGHTY.—The lion of the people's power crouches at his feet, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne.



YOUNG AND BRAVE, BUT MERCENARY.

DENTIST.—Don't cry, my little friend. I didn't hurt your sister very much—and besides, your mamma has just given her half-a-dollar."

Boy.—"Boo-hoo! m-m mayn't I have a tooth took out too?"

HOW TO GROW BEAUTIFUL.

Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise may become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how? Age dulls the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek, while crowfeet, and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping, most ugly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, as pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautful as the dewdrop of a summer's morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye—by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind, by cherishing forbearance towards the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding, day by day, on that love to God and man, which lifts us from the brute, and makes us akin to angels. *Dr. Hall.*

OBEYING ORDERS.—One day Washington, sending a dispatch, directed the bearer to cross the river to a certain ferry, and go through the Ramapo Pass to Morristown. The young man, knowing that a host of traitors invested the pass, ventured to suggest to the commander in chief that another road would be the safest. "I shall be taken," he said, "if I go through the pass." "Young man, you *are* *not* *to* *tell*, but *to* *say*," said Washington, sternly. He went as directed, and near the pass was captured, as he was afraid of being, and sent to New York, then in the hands of the enemy. The next day, the dispatches taken from him, disclosing a plan of attacking the city, were published with great parade, and the English immediately began preparations to defend it.

This gave Washington time to plan and execute a *secret* movement in quite a different direction, and by that time both the British and the bearer found out that the dispatch was meant to be taken.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.—A certain military chaplain did all he could to prevent his soldiers from falling asleep at church. Even when reading the text he used to break off in the middle of an unfinished sentence, to call attention to some tired red-coat envoys, and to make them sit up straighter. On one occasion he so mingled Scripture with the intimation, that the indolent association gave rise to an irrepressible titter through the congregation. And no wonder, for thus impressively read the chaplain. "And Abraham said unto Lot, in a pause, during which the person pointed to a slumberer in a retired seat, sergeant, that man's asleep?"

MALLE SUGAR.—It's right down wicked to take this exquisite crystallization of the life-blood of the beautiful rock-maple, and adulterate it with the common, vulgar brown *Havana* sugar, that gets the credit of carrying off so much sand. Yet the dealers do it, and then offer the cakes to the unsuspecting consumers. But say, who has more than once seen the genuine, pure article in cakes and moulds, will never mistake the miserable corruption that is adulterated in the name of maple sugar. The adulterators deserve to be choked with their own sweetmeat.

CURIOS CUSTOM.—In Denmark, they won't marry people who come to the minister without each producing a certificate of vaccination. Certain English people were in the habit of running away to Denmark for the purpose of marrying deceased wives' sisters. Also, they did not take their certificates of vaccination with them. Who could have dreamed of it? Well, the only solution of the difficulty was to be vaccinated again—regularly shedding one's heart's blood for love, you see—something more often talked about than done.

IT IS NOT STRANGE THAT THE MONARCH IS HAUGHTY.—The lion of the people's power crouches at his feet, and the eagle of genius holds the thunderbolt by his throne.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BEES.

Bees gorged with honey, never volunteer an attack.

Bees may always be made peaceable, by inducing them to accept of liquid sweets.

Bees, when frightened by smoke or by drumming, fill themselves with honey, and lose all disposition to sting, unless they are hurt.

Bees dislike any quick movements about their hives, especially any motion which jars their comb.

One square inch of worker comb contains about twenty-five cells on each side. Hence, a piece of comb four inches by five will contain one thousand workers.

One square inch of drone comb contains about sixteen cells on each side.

REMEDY FOR RINGWORMS.—The North British Agriculturist says that the disease locally known as ringworm or tetter, which shows itself about the head and neck of young cattle, in the form of whitish, dry scurfy spots, can be removed by rubbing the parts affected with iodine ointment. The disease may also be combated by the use of sulphur and oil; iodine ointment is, however, to be preferred. As this skin disease is easily communicated to the human subject, the person dressing the cattle should wash his hands with soap and hot water after each treatment.

WEIGHT OF MANURE.—A solid foot of half-rotted manure will weigh, upon an average, 56 pounds. If it is coarse or dry, it will average 48 pounds to the foot. A load of manure, or 36 cubic feet, of first quality, will weigh 2,916 pounds; second quality, 1,728 pounds. Weight to the acre—eight loads of first kind, weighing 16,128 pounds, will give 108 pounds to each square rod, and less than 2½ pounds to each square foot. Five loads will give 63 pounds to the rod. An acre containing 43,560 square feet, the calculation of pounds per foot, of any quantity per acre, is easily made.

CHARADE.—*My whole is in cottage, and palace and hall, And is constantly used by the great and the small.*

Behoved, it still is attached to a head,

And of various colors, black, brown, white, or red.

Behoved it again, and all heads would lie low

If deprived of its aid, as you probably know.

CHARADE.—*Look among England's list of kings,*

My first—in sound—a nickname, find;

My second—do—in sound—when things

Of guilt are tempting you in mind,

Light and graceful, my third—in sound,

Applies to fairies and to pleasure,

Among my whole's contents are found

Mines of wealth and every treasure.

Harrison, Ohio.

ANAGRAMS ON DISTINGUISHED NAMES.—*Written for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Named a jolly forger,

Hero I—lost Frenchman,

I'm born in luck, so brave,

A ball in March? No!

Men stand it now

Cure all, bold son,

All follow end, M. V.

See a large ruin bend,

Rule a great rugged pen, B.

That dear visitor

M. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.—*Written for the Saturday Evening Post.*

My first is wood,

My second is glass,

My whole is cotton.

Naples, Scott Co., Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—*Written for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Two travellers, A. and B., set out from two

different cities, C. and D., and travel towards

each other, by the same road, but not at the same

rate of speed. A. started from the city of C. to

travel to the city of D. at the same time that B.

left the city of D. to journey to the city of C.

When A. had been travelling 26 hours, he over-

took a drove of sheep, B. not the same drove

just 24 minutes before he came to a river known